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instinct and a chromosome











what I'm doing really

































































































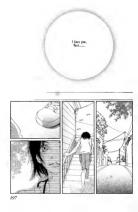
















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This is the second time I've done the story for a manage And the first manga I worked on only came out two years agol Can you believe it? I'm so happy. Ehe. (By the way, the first one was Minazuki Ren-sensei's The Story of Harumin the Prostitute. It's interesting, so please take a look

*Fil fall you a hit of the inside story on this one, shall I? "Your Voice After Ten Billion Years." The part of this story Lagonized over the most was the title. Liust couldn't come up with a good title that fit the story. I thought about just naming it "Untitled " Seriously. As I was writing the story. I couldn't help having useless thoughts like "Oh What would I do if my lover really died...?" that made me cry. My pen would stop moving for about 10 minutes... And then the whole cycle would reneat again. Those were the stunid circumstances I found myself mired in when I wrote that one. I really am an idiot.

I live near the ocean, too, Every evening, I'd go to watch the ocean, as a nice change of pace. My boyfriend isn't a fisherman, though, I think... if maybe I--or he--passes away first, the story could become a reality. No? You think it's not possible? Well, I believe it. But when my darling finished reading the story, he said, "I'm not going to die, so don't you die either, okay?"

"Instinct and a Chromosome." I finished writing the story about two years ago, so my memory of that time is fuzzy. but I do remember that I put a lot of sincere feeling into it. I'd wager that all the characters in it are sincere too.



I HEARD SHE WAS PRETTY YOUNG, SO IT CAUGHT ME ORS BUARD WHEN SHE TURNED OUT TO BE AN WIRRESSING,

If I remember correctly, it was seeing a homosexual couple on TV that deem to write the story; I saw a wonderful cape who were trying to have a sectious relationship, but the all of use as refit really separated what they do poing strough. But then I heard from readers who said things like, I completely understood how they shift "Love is the same for every-nore" and understood how they shift "Love is the same for every-nore" and gild I write the story, it was heartwarming. It's the power for the same for the same for the same for the same form of the same for the same forms of the same for the same for every-nore and lated to the same for every-nore and same for every-norm and same for every-n

of love that keeps us going till the end. That's true of any era.

A few final words. I'd like to thank my friends R and Yukkii for their advice on the fishing industry, and my friend Y for giving me advice on alcohol.

I'd also like to express my thanks to several others. Cloud Hartun-Samu, Mor dever this lovely mangs and was even so kind as to draw a picture of mrc; my editor, who olways gives me exactly the cont of guidance, I med, everyone from the control of the mangs, my loving family, who gave me is the crastion of this mangs, my loving family, who gave me their support every single day, my finerics; my darling; and everyone who read this mangs. I hope that all of you out their and belessed with bot of love. And peacell







